

Go On, Try It by MissCorn

Series: [The Year We Waited \(Mileven One-Shots\) \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Domestic Fluff, Eleven and Mike Wheeler are Cute, Eleven/Mike Wheeler Fluff, Everything is Beautiful and Nothing Hurts, F/M, Falling In Love, First Time, Fluff and Smut, Making Out, Masturbation, Neck Kissing, Nipple Licking, Nipple Play, One Shot Collection, Rough Kissing, Shameless Smut, Underage Kissing, in the middle of the night, lazy kissing, sneaky eleven

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Summary:

Hopper lets El see her friends once per month to keep her satisfied and this is what happens in the meetup of March '85

OR

Eleven can't sleep so she wakes Mike up and together they try something new (and naughty) that will lead Eleven to a new discovery about her body

Go On, Try It

Author's Note:

* You can find me at <https://mikes2ndcousinfromsweden.tumblr.com/> where you can always send me requests <3

(* The characters are all aged-up)

The Wheeler's basement was overflowing with exclamations and shouting, then silence, then outcries again, and back to whistles and yelling as the game was progressing, slowly coming to an end. Mike's hand was placed on her thigh, a bit higher than her knee, under the table, hidden from their friends' *judging* eyes, caressing her over her black tights. Eleven took pleasure in his hand's warmth noticing that when he was preoccupied with the plot, his thumb would stay still, and start stroking again after his turn was over. Occasionally, he would slide his hand higher, squeezing her inner thigh causing a ticklish feeling, earning himself a punch in the shoulder. He would move it away for a while before sneakily, finger by finger, he would climb back up at her leg, looking away whistling, pretending his hand had a brain of its own and the whole situation caught him by surprise, turning to look at her with puppy eyes that soon would morph into a brief smirk.

The attention was back at the table. "Something is *here*. Something is *watching* you. Something—" They were running Lucas' campaign, one with *more monsters than villains* as he said, and Mike and Dustin were debating over the identity of the final monster. "I'm telling you it's going to be the Beholder!" said Dusting leaning over his fists on the table, "Dustin, it's going to be a Giant, G-I-A-N-T!". "-BIG AND THIRSTY." Lucas continued ready to bring the new- "IT'S THE BEHOLDER!" he slammed his hand with the figure on the table and Dustin knocked his forehead at the surface muffling "I told you it wasn't going to be the Beholder".

Will stood up and took a tape from his backpack and held it up for

them to see. “It’s a new one, from Jonathan”, he said putting it to his portable cassette player. Through the years, everyone grew to like Jonathan’s mix tapes. The cherry pie Mike’s mom had baked half an hour ago was still sitting at one of the plenty little tables in the basement and the *Edge of Seventeen* started playing. El got excited with the woman’s voice and smiled like a youngling at Christmas, bobbing her head up and down with the rhythm. At the lab she never heard anything more than the notes of monotonous elevator music, thus when Jim took her in and put an old record playing while they cleaned and tidied up their new home that first day, it surely was a pleasant surprise. Since then she had heard every record he owned and when Hop had the opportunity, he would bring home whole boxes with old LP records he would find in garage sales all around Hawkins. Mike felt her shoulder bumping his, inviting him to share her enthusiasm. Dustin stood up and brought the pie to the table giving forks to everyone and El jumped right in, taking a spoonful, *but with a fork, a fork-ful?*, of the pie.

He was no more than a baby then, Mike smirked eyeing her lips mouthing the words of the song and a little drop of cherry filling at the corner of her mouth she wasn’t aware of.

Well he seemed broken hearted, she made her palm into a fist holding it over her heart.

Something within him, he got closer, their foreheads resting together.

But the moment that I first laid

Eyes on him, she stared into his eyes emphasizing each word, *all alone*

On the edge of sevent- she didn’t get to finish the word as he crushed their lips together, attacking the little drop of filling, then kissing her hungrily. He brought his hand at the side of her neck to drag her closer, dipping his tongue inside El’s mouth, tasting the cherry in her and she couldn’t help but groan a little as he did.

Dustin smacked the table with both his hands “It’s time for a break from D&D” looking at Mike and El, who didn’t even flinch, in a combination of wonder and sickness.

* * *

It was almost 2 in the morning and the music had woken up Mike's parents. His dad opened the door abruptly not bothering to go down the stairs and they all turned instantly, like deer hearing a gunshot, freezing to their places. "Mike, turn the volume down, son. It's 2am." he ordered flatly. They waited with their ears on alert to hear the click of the door. When they did, they glanced around at each other, then hesitantly turned the music down to barely audible. They all sat at the floor except El, who chose the couch instead. The seat over Mike. He was sitting with one leg spread out and one bent, his right arm on top of his kneecap, his back against the couch. She saw the perfect opportunity to play with his hair. And took it.

As the energy in the room that was built between them these past few hours started dying out after Mike's dad interrupted them, the boys talked about school, ending the night with a topic one might describe as boring in comparison to everything else that was said that evening. Eleven's hand climbed on the back of his neck and he reached around at once to hold and squeeze it. When he let go, she moved to take one of his dark curls, wrapping it around her finger, feeling the soft texture of his freshly washed hair. She moved to the next and then the next and the one after that, then pushed all her fingers in, massaging his scalp with her tips. He sighed as his head fell backwards on her lap, eyelids shut, relaxing to the touch and she felt a warm feeling of coziness, trying not to think on how domestic it all was. Every one of his muscles loosened up and if he was a cat, *she swears*, he would have purred at the feeling. The others giggled at the effect she had on him, but he didn't seem to listen, or if he did, he didn't care.

This went on for some minutes until El noticed he was about to drift off to sleep so she took her hands away and kissed his forehead as a conclusion. His eyes opened and he pushed his heels on the carpet to push himself backwards and higher in order to join their lips, *spiderman style, he thought*. It was a sweet gesture and she smiled to the kiss.

"Time to sleep, don't you think?" said Will with a yawn. "Yeah, watching you-" Lucas said looking intently at Mike "-so relaxed, got me craving some z's myself".

They called it a night and everyone got up, searching lazily for their sleeping bags. Jokes were told from all corners of the basement, where they had spread on the floor, that normally would be considered terrible, but just because it was the middle of the night, they were the best jokes anyone had ever shared.

* * *

“Mike.” she hauled herself closer to his back, poking him in the back of his arm with her index finger and whispered forcefully, but also kindly, in his ear “Mike!”. He turned around and mumbled some incoherent words before snoozing off again. She opened the zipper of his sleeping bag and squeezed herself inside, waking him up in the meantime. “Hey”, he hummed, half-opening his eyes, and threw his arm over her shoulders bringing her closer, her nose buried to the crook of his neck and her left leg between his. She placed her lips on his burning skin. Then again. And again. His breathing became heavier, the air between them humid, she opened her mouth and sucked on the sensitive skin, dragging a delicious moan from him. *This will probably leave a mark. “Hickey” said Mike from the back of her head.* Yes, hickey. He was definitely awake now.

“Someone’s on the mood.” he whispered, his lip brushing the top of her ear, making the short hair at the back of her neck rise, and she could sense his smile as he said so. He was great at teasing her, but could never keep it up for too long, his desire for her getting the best of him. He leaned and sucked her lower lip, withdrawing the moment she attempted to kiss him back, but she wasn’t going to take any of that. She overpowered him easily, getting on top of him, locking their lips, reaching and grabbing a handful of his hair, lightly yanking his head back. El’s tongue slid past his parted lips, deepening the kiss. His hands gripped her sides tightly as she shifted, moving her thigh higher between his legs, and his back slightly bucked upwards from the floor, her mouth swallowing Mike’s groan.

“Whuh-what was *that*?” she asked naively between kisses. “It’s- it’s a-” he struggled to find the word “-sensitive area.” he answered, aware of his rapidly hardening cock between them.

He wrapped his arm around her middle and shifted their positions, climbing on top of her, maintaining their lips locked, the bulge in his

sweatpants remotely pressed against her hip and the feeling was just too much. He had to pull his mouth away as his forehead dropped to El's collarbone, panting raggedy, in order to control himself. He propped himself up in one elbow, hovering over her, staring in the dark at the low gleam of her eyes caused by the soft light coming from the rectangular window at the corner of the basement, debating about his next move. Gradually he lifted his leg so he could settle down in between hers, trying not to crush her with his weight, and she willingly spread them wider, welcoming the comforting warmth of his body closer to hers.

He captured her lips again in a kiss more urgent than before, unintentionally rolling his hips upwards rubbing his trapped erection in the crease where El's thigh met her hip to ease some of the painful tension. She could feel his stiff cock grinding against her and she thought about last night. How he moaned, how he touched himself, how he- how he *came* with her name on his lips and felt a burning low in her abdomen that had her squeezing her legs towards each other, trapping Mike in the middle.

Mike broke away from the kiss "I want to *try* something. Will you let me?" he asked hesitantly with hoarse voice. El nodded and he gave her a tender peck on the lips before travelling south with his hand along her t-shirt, swallowing hard when he reached the edge of the soft fabric. Carefully, he placed his hand underneath and started slipping it upwards, caressing the smooth skin of her side. Yes, he had done that before, but this time- *this* time it felt like it was *going somewhere*. Her breath hitched at the thought of something new, something *more*, and she grabbed a handful of his hair pulling him into a rough kiss.

He paused the moment he felt the small curve at her chest and his cock twitched lively. With a deep breath he cupped her breast feeling her hard nipple against his palm, pinching it in between his index and middle finger. A faint groan escaped El's throat and Mike trailed openmouthed kisses down her neck, nipping at her delicate skin. He moved lower, pulling her shirt higher, exposing her chest, leaning to draw the hardened bud in his mouth.

She whined. Actually *whined*. And he pulled away with a wet sound coming up to shush her with a kiss, as his thumb and finger tweaked

her oversensitive nipple “Keep quiet”. She bit her lip and nodded pushing his head back down, and he huffed a little laugh at her eagerness. She felt his warmth again as his mouth closed around her tender flesh, twirling his tongue around her areola and then sucking into it. Her muffled moan was a good enough response for him to do it again as he reached one hand between his thighs to grip his throbbing cock. He moved on to her other nipple, working it between his teeth and her hands came to press his head to her chest, her back arching off the floor. The burning at her lower belly was now unbearable and her inner walls pulsated with need. *Need for what? She didn't know.* “Harder” she pleaded through her teeth, pushing his black curls to her breasts and he obeyed, biting down her nipple a bit rougher than before. Instinctively, she grinded down his thigh, moving her hips up and down, her wetness soaking through her sweatpants, bringing herself on the edge, but not quite enough to send her over.

He didn't have to do much for himself; her rubbing her warm core on his thigh and her reaction to his last bite was enough to send him off the cliff, going rigid and coming shamelessly to his underpants, his hot breath heavy over her bare chest, releasing her nipple with a *pop*, and running his tongue a few more times over it.

“Mike” she said sleepily searching for his eyes “can I come too?” . The question startled him and he felt bad as he could hear the envy and disappointment in her voice. He cupped her face bringing their foreheads together “God, El. Of course you can.” he planted small kisses to her nose, eyelids, cheekbones and her lips. “It's just that- you see- I- I don't know *how*.”. But *she* had an idea or two.

“I'll be right back” he said, tiptoeing to the bathroom and El had some time to readjust herself inside his sleeping bag, taking her shirt completely off and throwing it on the side. She trailed the path his mouth had made a few minutes ago with her fingertips, touching her still stiff and wet from Mike's mouth nipples, grazing over them with her short nails before squeezing them lightly, testing the intensity of the feeling. One hand lingered at her hypersensitive nip, while the other traced down her stomach and between her legs, where she had felt that warmth before. She dipped under the waistband of her sweats exploring the area, going lower, her fingers tracing over her

wetness, pressing a little harder and a sudden jolt washed through her as she touched *something*.

Right on time, Mike came back, lifted the corner of the bedroll and, to his surprise, found El half-naked and waiting for him. He sunk to his knees and crawled inside. "Off." She ordered grasping the fabric of his shirt. He didn't oppose, taking his shirt off and snuggling up closer to her, cupping her face and kissing her softly. First time skin on skin and the feeling was amazing. After running her hands up and down his bare torso, pleased with the sensation and smiling to herself, she shifted, turning around and pressing her back against him. He placed his arm around her waist and pulled her to him, kissing her shoulder a few times before settling for the crook of her neck.

Needless to say, they had some explaining to do in the morning, when their friends found them like this.

Author's Note:

Thank you for all the love and support guys, it means the world to me!

You're asking about the 3rd chapter and I had planned on writing and posting it this week, but something unfortunate happened with a friend of mine and I wasn't in the mood for writing... well... anything. Things are a little better now so I'll do my best to post it next week!

Till then, kisses xoxo